

The World.

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A DAILY HINT FROM M'DOUGALL.



Will the Stock Exchange, the greatest gambling house of all, be pulled during the present season of virtue, or is it too well protected?

PERSECUTION—NOT PROSECUTION.

THE state of affairs of which prophetic apprehension was expressed in yesterday's Evening World, has come to pass in New York.

Prosecution of rascals has been displaced by persecution of the people.

There is no law under which the police raid upon ordinary hotels and restaurants where music is furnished to patrons can be justified.

Last night's raid was so planned and carried out as to convey to every level mind the impression that it was a scheme of official revenge. It was a complete and convincing demonstration of official incompetence and stupidity.

In promptly discharging the prisoners presented by the blundering police this morning, the City Magistrate acted wisely and well. They could, with entire becomingness, have extended even a stronger rebuke to the mistaken head of the police force.

Chief Devoy practically acknowledges by his policy that the attack upon the system of protection for crime—protection bought and paid for—has revealed a fearfully weak place in his administration of police affairs. With that fatality so often attending the performances of a man in desperate straits, he has proceeded in the worst possible way to meet the array of circumstances marshaled against him.

Instead of aligning himself with the forces which had set out with the object merely of breaking up the alliance between criminals and their paid official protectors, he has gone off at a tangent to lead his Department into an extremity of public opprobrium.

Everybody, even the zealous Parkhurst, has admitted the impossibility of turning New York into a Puritanic city. The liberality of the age and a just consideration for great popular rights and individual liberty are against such a conversion.

But while holding liberal ideas on the subject of individual freedom and while they are far removed from a desire to make this a blue-law city, the people of New York share humanity's common aversion to real crime. And they regard with peculiar horror that alliance to which reference has been made above between practicing criminals and public officials who act as their paid protectors.

Under the revealed system of protection, men presumed to be servants of the city have been trying to serve two masters. They cannot do it. They shall not do it. That is the point of the present crusade. A victory on the right side will be a substantial triumph against crime in general, as well as on this particular point.

And that victory will be won. Chief Devoy cannot prevent it by perversion of law and misdirection of energy. His course will but further strengthen the case for his already threatened indictment by the awakened Grand Jury.

Windy March.

Tree, juniper. Its stone, bloodstone. Its motto, courage and strength in time of danger. Its dust is looked for and becomes a subject of congratulation, on account of the importance of dry weather at this time for sowing and planting. The idea has been embodied in proverbs as "A peck of March dust is worth a king's ransom," and "A dry March never brings a bad crop." Blustering winds usually prevail more or less throughout a considerable part of this month. Hence the proverb "March comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb," and vice versa.

The girl whose birthday falls in March should wear a bloodstone. It will bring her courage and wisdom.

BIOGRAPHY OF A FOOL.

It didn't have time to chew. The food that he had to eat, but he washed it into his throat as if it were a thing to be eaten.

At breakfast and lunch and dinner "Toss a bit and a gulp and go—Oh, the crowd is so terribly eager, And a man has to hurry so!

A bite and a gulp and away To the books and the ticker! A bite and a gulp and a smoke and a punt At a card-table half of the night; A cigarette, a drink and a palooka, A smoke-covered box and a song; A drink and a gulp and away To the books and the ticker!

A BETWEEN-SEASONS HAT.



This hat, which is suitable for wear at this time of year, is a blue taffeta with stitched trim and conventional roses formed of rolls of stitched taffeta. Blue chiffon drapes the front and top.

LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

Young Girls Should Avoid Secret Correspondence.

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LETTER reaches me to-day which contains but one sentence, and that as follows:

"For God's sake write a letter to young girls through The Evening World on the evil of secret correspondence. A BROKEN HEARTED MOTHER."

To this young girl, eye and to all others who are lending themselves to the folly of a secret correspondence, I would say, my dear, you have taken the first step in a path that leads in the end to ruin. I wish I could make it a prayer to all young girls never to write to or receive a letter from a man which they cannot or dare not show to the mother who loves them as no one else on this earth can love them, and who has their welfare closest to her heart.

The girl who writes to a young man and receives letters from him under an assumed name has grasped a two-edged sword in her hand which will wound her keenly ere she looses her hold of it.

Concealment is the first step to guilt, sorrow and shame.

Never permit any man to write you a letter, my dear, that you would fear to have fall by chance into the hands of relatives or friends, or that would make you uneasy if your mother asked to peruse it.

Such men may have handsome faces, be dressed in the height of fashion, be smooth of tongue, but, my dear, the moment a man suggests a secret correspondence, which in the end means secret meetings, trust him not. He is not worthy of one earnest thought, one scratch of the pen. Not worth the heart pang he brings to those near and dear to you; not worth the tears of anguish he brings to the eyes of the mother who prayed for you in your cradle; not worth the throb he brings to the bosom that beats with love, true love for her child.

I have received hundreds of letters from women who have written me that their life's sorrow came about from secret correspondence, and in every case I noted with sorrow that it always ended in shame and desertion—a wrecked life and ruined home, in which a broken-hearted mother sat waiting, waiting for the return of her idol, which had turned to clay. Not the earth's clay, but the gay world's, which contained a soul, but no heart.

Oh, young girls! Oh, careless, thoughtless maidens! Let me take you in my arms and plead with you, with all my heart in my prayer, if you have drifted into a secret correspondence to go straightway to your dear mother, if God has spared her to you, and confess your folly to her. Keep nothing from her, and abide by her wise counsel.

Ah! what a wonderful load you will find lifted from your mind! How sweetly you will sleep that night, for your feet will be gently, lovingly turned into the right path.

Your first duty is to your mother. Next to God he will be done.

Avoid secret correspondence, secret meetings, secret love affairs if you would have a happy, peaceful future, and a good, honest, true husband to walk hand in hand with you over life's rugged path, my dear girl.

That you will heed my warning, listen to my earnest prayer, is my hope.

LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

Laura Jean Libbey writes for The Evening World by permission of the Family Story Paper.

THE WORLD'S LA GRIPPE CURE.

Phenacetine 15 grains
 Quinine 15 grains
 Codeine 3-8 grain

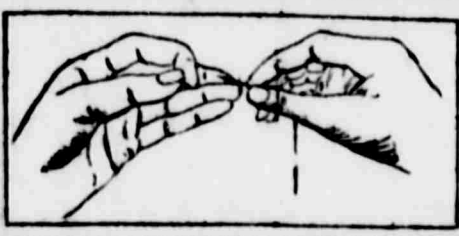
Divide this quantity into six powders and take one every hour for four hours; after that take one every two or three hours.

This dose is for an adult. Any druggist will put it up for you.

Scientific Housekeeping.

THE scientific aspect of housekeeping is attracting a great deal of attention just now from serious thinkers. The problems of the chemistry of food, of securing the most nourishing for the least expenditure, the correct methods of sanitation, the most conclusive way of dealing with the all-pervading microbes, are subjects with which the students are dealing, and the results of their investigations are being taught in schools and colleges along with Latin, Greek and other matters which seem to relate less directly to the safety and comfort of life.

A HINT FOR BACHELORS.



We present herewith a picture showing an improved way to thread a needle. By this method you take the needle between the middle and third fingers of the left hand, or between the third and fourth fingers, instead of between the first finger and the thumb, as in the old way. This brings the thumb and first finger directly behind the eye of the needle, ready to grasp hold of the end of the thread as soon as it is through the eye. Any one who has had experience with threading needles knows how hard it is to manage thread that is a little too large for the needle, and how often a slight twitch or tremor of the hand may shake the thread out after it has been inserted in the eye, and before the position of the hand can be changed so as to grasp the thread. By the improved method any thread that can be pushed through the needle's eye can be readily grasped and drawn through without failure.

NOW FOR THE MERRY JEST.

GIRLS GO DISGUISED NOW.



How to walk the streets in broad daylight and not be recognized.

AN EARLY LESSON.



Mother—Children! What a noise you are making! What is it all about?

Bobbie (playing parson)—I've just married Dorothy to Bertie and she wants to be unmarried already!

HE KEPT IT DARK.



"What is good for a cold?"
 "Have you the price of two hot whiskeys?"
 "No, I haven't."
 "Then it's no good my telling you."

MATERIALISM.



Fair Chatterer—They say, Captain, that you don't care for flowers, children or books. What do you care for?

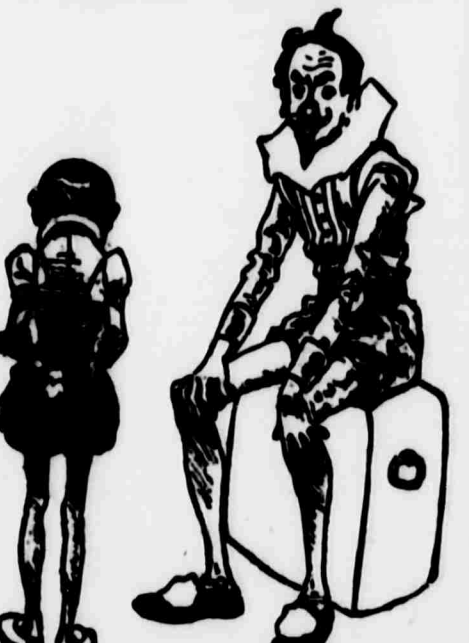
Captain—Dinner!

WORLDLY WISDOM.



Guest—Why do you have in your small restaurant a French bill of fare?
 Landlord—In the first place, my guests feel flattered to think that I assume they can read it, and, in the second place, I can serve them what I please for they don't know what they've ordered!

A CORRECT DEFINITION.



To Small Boy—What is a pessimist, sire?
 To Mrs.—A pessimist, my son, is one who is always expecting bad luck, and who is sorely surprised when it comes.

REVENGE.



"Oh, play some more, professor!"
 "But, madam, it's already 11 o'clock, and it might annoy the family next door."
 "Yes, but you needn't mind them. They poisoned our dog lately!"

HOW A GIRL CAME TO HAVE PRETTY FEET.

By Harriet Hubbard Ayer.

THE little feet toddled along, too, by the side of the parent with theories.

Half a dozen years back I learned that my schoolmate was in England and had become a leading exponent of the Delsartian school.



And I smiled and wondered if she still tarred on the ways and means of retaining the perfect beauty of the human foot.

And lo! now I am shown proof that my friend was in her generation, and the baby that was to have the unblemished soles has successfully imitated her mother.

PHILANTHROPY HARMFUL.

By Chauncey M. Depew.



CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

AM always suspicious of philanthropy. It comes to me in so many forms and so many guises seeking help. In many cases either the individual is a fraud or the cause he represents is a fraudulent one. I am convinced that fully one-half of all charitable efforts are productive of more harm than good. They increase pauperism and encourage paupers to remain as such. Especially is it true in England that most of the money contributed for charitable work is absorbed in the salaries and office cost of those directing its expenditure. The worst form that charity can take is when it pamperes the recipient.

I have observed that a scholarship in one of our colleges that provides for all the wants of the student holding it usually turns out an indifferent or worthless man, while a scholarship that only supplements the efforts of the student produces a respectable and useful citizen and often a man of brilliant parts. The men who have become great are the men who have had to work their way through college.

LIFE.

OWN and kisses plenty,
 Quarrels just a few;
 Sunshine shading shadows
 As we journey through.

Onward, upward moving,
 Now and then a fall;
 Minds and hearts improving,
 God awaiting all.

—Arthur Carlisle.

LETTERS TO THE EVENING WORLD.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
 Busy, active men as a rule have no time to observe eighteenth century politeness. At least I have never observed it among the money-mad, dollar-chasing people of New York. When women join in the struggle in the downtown district and compete with men they certainly have no right to expect the same courtesies they would receive at home. The only way for women to receive the deference due her when unattended to by modest demeanor is to stay at home, learning to sew, cook and other things. When she leaves her proper sphere—the home—to take the bread out of some poor man's mouth by working for less than he could afford to she should take the pushers and jostlings of the world the same as a man.

B. W.

A Wheel Problem.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
 If four wheels eighteen inches high are put on one track and four wheels three feet high are put on another track, and both have the same amount of power to push them along, which wheels will go the faster?

READER.

Rich Father Wants Sons to Work.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
 I am a man of fifty-eight. I made my own fortune, and I expect my boys to do the same. I think it is good training for them. But they refuse to work just yet and declare they will go to college. Their mother foolishly backs them up in this whim. One is sixteen, the other eighteen. Now I have enough money to send them to college twenty times over, and I don't grudge the expense, but I mean that they shall work as I did and win their own way. I ask readers to decide our family squabble by sound advice.

BERNARD A. F.

She Squeezes His Hand Every Day.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
 I am working as a collector for a firm where a lady is superintendent of our department. Each time she hands me my morning bundle of bills to collect she manages to squeeze my hand. This annoys and angers me, as she is not pretty nor do I love her. Yet I dare not complain for fear she may take advantage of her superior position and get me discharged. Can no reader ingeniously enough to advise me how to stop this daily bother?

F. L. BLATCHFORD.

THE DAY'S LOVE STORY.

A prize of \$25 will be awarded each week for the best original short love story. The prize-winner will be printed in Saturday's Evening World. All accepted stories will be paid for—\$5 each. Stories must not exceed 700 words—500 words preferred. Send MS. to Prize Love Story Editor, Evening World, P. O. Box 2,264, New York City.

A MESSAGE OF WAR.

By Sidney H. Aaron, 180 East Seventy-sixth Street, New York City.

FEW messages were trickling through holes in the top of the tent, throwing just enough light on a letter in the hand of a trooper to enable him to make out its affectionate lines. He was bent over the letter, deeply absorbed. Every few seconds his face lit up with joy, and once or twice he stopped to kiss the written sheets.

An officer walked toward the tent.

"Trooper, orders!" he shouted.

But the fellow was just then finishing another kiss to his written sheets.

THE NEXT MOMENT HE FOUND HIMSELF RACING A PRETTY GIRL.

on the sheets and was far removed from the camp.

"Hear, 'heaven, heaven!' followed the captain.

The trooper was too engrossed in the letter to hear anything short of a cannonade.

"Here you, Squire," snapped the captain, rapping him on the back. "Orders from headquarters to start immediately for Kersey Post and return with information."

"Hang it, sir, I was just reading when you"—but the trooper on his intruder's shoulders warned him to desist no further. "Can't I have a minute to finish this letter? It's from the dearest girl in the whole West, and it's the first she's written me. Why, captain, if you get a letter like this you'll—"

"mem, hem, you can't be spared a moment; gather your gear and leave. This is war and discipline, sir; not love and abandon."

"Hang war and discipline," groaned Squire.

The next moment found pots, pans and clothes scattering through the air in every direction in a vain search for spurs. Squire flew about in a temper, while the captain stood impassively in a safe corner, the doorway directing each new sortie on the tent's furniture.

"Wait! sit, Squire. I don't believe you're trying to find your spurs at all. You've looked under that frying pan ten times already. Look under that jacket; that's the only place you've avoided all through."

Squire kicked the jacket aside savagely and found what he knew he'd find—the spurs.

In a minute he was galloping toward Kersey Post. War never before seemed so miserable. It struck him as a governmental trick to frustrate every pleasure or pastime its victim might enjoy. He continued to reflect on war very gloomily. Then he wondered how the letter ended, whether she concluded "Yours very sincerely" or "Yours with love." He was sure it was the latter, so he blushed very much to himself. Then he changed the subject to avoid his own embarrassment and convinced himself without an effort that he never before felt so anxious to return to camp.

Just then a sentinel halted him. He glared at the fellow, but showed a handsome determination in restraining an impulse to thrash him. His nerves, however, gave way completely when another stopped him; this time it was only the subduing influence of the fellow's gun that deterred him from annihilating him. Finally he swung from his horse and made his way to the commandant's tent. But war was, so once more a couple of guards intercepted him.

"Look here," he shouted in a fury. "I'm in a greater hurry than Jonah was to get out of the whale. There are important papers back in camp awaiting my inspection, and here you fellows detain me under any sort of pretense."

A laugh went up. A trooper and important papers were the nearest combination known to war.

"Maps 'a charts, I s'pose?" one fellow ventured.

That was a little too much, so he stood for a moment, with flashing eyes and lips apart, trying to think of something to say to the fellow that would make him shrink and shrivel within his skin.

"Sir," he blurted, "I come on a message of war!"

He got no further, for the next moment he found himself embracing a pretty little girl. "Message of war," she laughed; "message of love you mean. I sent for you and your captain good-naturedly granted my request and fooled you into a surprise. Didn't you know I was coming?"

"Wa, indeed! I was abruptly ordered forth and had to leave behind me half dead boys' loving!"

"Maps 'a charts," put in the same fellow.

Another Fad.

THE "BATHING BOOKS" are to be mentioned among the fads, and, according to a programme of recent date, Bumbich, the opera singer, is their sponsor. She has a book in which every performance at which she sings is recorded. Many women keep books in which they record every performance they witness. A special theme book is now considered necessary possession by every theatre-going woman.

Shopping Hints.

"KILTED" SKIRTS are the very latest fashion. Dainty short-cut cups in rainbow glass are seen. Trailing ivy in the silver fern dish is an evergreen plant for the table. Transparent yokes and sleeves are seen in the gowns. There are no visible shoulder seams in these gowns. Smart little ties of velvet ribbon tied in a double knot in front, with short pointed ends, are quite new. The ties fasten in the back with a jeweled pin.

BIRTHDAY LUCK For March 15.

If you were born on March 15 this is the meaning of the day for you: It is a very evil day; be careful of accidents and losses. Your anniversary is an evil one in many ways, and misfortunes will crowd upon you at certain periods of the year. Beware of accidents, fire and robbery, and avoid lawsuits and lawsuits. You will do well to seek an astrologer's advice.—Copyrighted by the Boston Herald, Boston.